

# THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

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## REVIEW.

*Anatomical Investigations, comprising Descriptions of various Fasciae of the Human Body; the Discovery of the Manner in which the Pericardium is formed from the superficial Fascia; the Capsular Ligament of the Shoulder Joint from the Brachial Fascia; and the Capsular Ligament of the Hip Joint from the Fascia Lata. To which is added, an Account of some Irregularities of Structure and Morbid Anatomy; with a Description of a New Anatomical Table.*—By John D. Godman, M. D. Lecturer on Anatomy and Physiology: Editor of the Journal of Foreign Medicine; Professor of Physiology in the Philadelphia Museum; Member of several Societies, &c. &c. Philadelphia, 1824: Carey & Lea: pp. 134.

It is not an essential part of our plan to review professional books; but having imposed on ourselves no prohibition in this respect, we are tempted to take a passing notice of the new work, of which we have transcribed the title page. The high respect we entertain for the author, lately and transiently a citizen of this place—a respect founded upon an intimate acquaintance with his various excellencies of character—might itself incite us to a notice of his book. Independently, however, of all personal considerations, it deserves from us even more than we propose to say.

Every attempt to augment the measure of scientific anatomy is praiseworthy. It requires but little professional knowledge to perceive, that the practical skill of the physician, not less than the surgeon, must be in proportion to his skill in anatomy: not his knowledge of insulated parts, but of parts in connexion. The principal object of the work before us is to disclose some connexions which had hitherto escaped the notice of anatomists; and, in doing this, the ingenious author does not fail to impress upon his professional readers, the paramount importance of an intimate acquaintance with the relations of the various organs of the body—united into a whole by an endless number and variety of ties. It is, obviously, in the study of these ties, rather than of the organs themselves, that the anatomist and physiologist of the present day may expect to make discoveries; and it is equally obvious, that a knowledge of these relations must be

indispensable to an accurate understanding of the nature of diseases.

The first six sections of Dr. Godman's book are occupied with descriptions of the great fasciae, or tendinous expansions of the neck, trunk of the body, and part of the extremities: in which he demonstrates, that what have been generally regarded as detached or insulated expansions of tendinous matter, designed to form the coverings of particular muscles, or to compose the capsular ligaments of particular joints, are really extended tissues, which pass from one joint to another, dip down among the muscles, forming sheaths for these fleshy parts; arranging themselves into a sort of external coat over each of the great blood-vessels, and even extending to the heart, to form the *pericardium*, or bag, in which that organ is enclosed. He has enriched and enlivened his descriptions with occasional reflections on the utility of these discoveries to practitioners of medicine and surgery; but it would not comport with the plan of our Gazette to extract them.

The seventh section is on Irregularities of Structure; and is introduced with the following just and appropriate reflections, which may serve as a specimen of the style in which the work is written:

"Departures from the *ordinary* structure in the human body are much more numerous and frequent than is generally imagined. But as few persons are exclusively devoted to anatomical research, the opportunities of collecting a sufficient number of observations to lead to any important general conclusion are rare, and the facts are seldom recorded, because they are observed at distant periods, and excite but a temporary interest.

"If we were now in possession of a carefully observed and fairly written statement of all the aberrations which have been examined since anatomy has been correctly studied, we should doubtless be enabled to draw some general conclusion of practical utility; no less than to explain many pathological circumstances which still continue mysterious."

Our author then proceeds to state the results of the observations made at his anatomical rooms in Philadelphia, for two winters; and has given beautiful graphic representations of several irregularities of structure in the muscles and blood-vessels.

The next section is devoted to *Morbid Anatomy*; and for its length, presents much, both in its plates and descriptions, to interest the professional student. Ev-

ery one must regret that the practice of searching for morbid appearances after death is not more common. It is, undoubtedly, one of the modes of studying the profession, which are *indispensable*; and the omission of it, therefore, either from the indolence or ignorance of the physician, or the prejudices of friends, must retard the advancement of medical science.

The remaining two or three sections of the work are miscellaneous, and like the two last, are illustrated with engravings; but our limits do not admit of a more particular notice.

In estimating the value of this little production, we must refer to the palpable difference between a book of original observations, and a compilation. Our shelves literally bend beneath the weight of new publications, composed of old facts and speculations, oftener false than true; and so indefatigable are the numerous artists engaged in this species of American manufacture, that even without the aid of a tariff, we should be in little danger of want. Dr. Godman is not a member of this class of the *literati*. He resembles them in nothing but application. To an efficient genius he unites great mental independence, and a zeal for anatomical inquiries, which, although a young man, entitle him to rank among those who are destined to exalt the medical profession in America to the level on which it moves in the old world.

We shall only add, that he has appended to his investigations an original translation from the Latin of Professor Scarpas's Anatomy of the Bones, for which the students of America—so few of whom, unhappily, read either the foreign or dead languages—will feel themselves under an obligation.

## MISCELLANY.

THE LITERARY AND THE PERSONAL CHARACTER OF MEN OFTEN DIFFER.

Are the personal dispositions of an author discoverable in his writings, as those of an artist are imagined to appear in his works, where Michael Angelo is always great and Raphael ever graceful?

Is the moralist a moral man? Is he malignant who publishes caustic satires? Is he a libertine who composes loose poems? And is he whose imagination delights in

terror and in blood, the very monster he paints?

Many licentious writers have led chaste lives. La Mothe le Vayer wrote two works of a free nature; yet his was the unblemished life of a retired sage. Bayle is the too faithful compiler of impurities, but he resisted the corruption of the senses as much as Newton. La Fontaine wrote tales fertile in intrigues, yet the "bon homme" has not left on record a single ingenious amour. Smollet's character is immaculate; yet he has described two scenes which offend even in the freedom of imagination. Cowley, who boasts with such gaiety of the versatility of his passion among so many mistresses, wanted even the confidence to address one. Thus, licentious writers may be very chaste men; for the imagination may be a volcano, while the heart is an Alp of ice.

Turn to the moralist—there we find Seneca, the disinterested usurer of seven millions, writing on moderate desires, on a table of gold. Sallust, who so eloquently declaims against the licentiousness of the age, was repeatedly accused in the Senate of public and habitual debaucheries; and when this inveigher against the spoilers of provinces attained to a remote government, Sallust pillaged like Verres. Lucian, when young, declaimed against the friendship of the great, as another name for servitude; but when his talents procured him a situation under the Emperor, he facetiously compared himself to those quacks, who themselves plagued with a perpetual cough, offer to sell an infallible remedy for one. Sir Thomas More, in his Utopia, declares that no man ought to be punished for his religion; yet he became a fierce persecutor, racking and burning men when his own true faith here was at the ebb. At the moment the Poet Rousseau was giving versions of the Psalms, full of unction, as our neighbours say, he was profaning the same pen with the most infamous of epigrams. We have heard of an erratic poet of our times composing sacred poetry, or night-hymns in church-yards. The pathetic genius of Sterne played about his head, but never reached his heart.

And thus with the personal dispositions of an author, which may be quite the reverse from those which appear in his writings. Johnson would not believe that Horace was a happy man, because his verses were cheerful, no more than he could think Pope so, because he is continually informing us of it. Young, who is constantly contemning preferment in his writings, was all his life pining after it; and while the sombre author of the "Night Thoughts" was composing them, he was as cheerful as any other man; he

was as lively in conversation as he was gloomy in his writings: and when a lady expressed her surprise at his social converse, he replied—"There is much difference between writing and talking." Moliere, on the contrary, whose humor was so perfectly comic, was a very thoughtful and serious man, and perhaps even of a melancholy temper: his strongly featured physiognomy exhibits the face of a great tragic, rather than of a great comic, poet. Could one have imagined that the brilliant wit, the luxuriant raillery, and the fine and deep sense of Paschal could have combined with the most opposite qualities—the hypochondriasm and bigotry of an ascetic? Rochefoucauld, says the eloquent Dugald Stewart, in private life was a conspicuous example of all those moral qualities of which he seemed to deny the existence, and exhibited in this respect a striking contrast to the Cardinal De Retz, who has presumed to censure him for his want of faith in the reality of virtue; and to which we must add, that De Retz was one of those pretended patriots without a single one of those virtues for which he was the clamorous advocate of faction.

Klopstock, the votary of Zion's muse, so astonished and warmed the sage Bodmer, that he invited the inspired bard to his house;—but his visiter shocked the grave professor, when, instead of a poet rapt in silent meditation, a volatile youth leapt out of the chaise, who was an enthusiast for retirement only when writing verses. An artist whose pictures exhibit a series of scenes of domestic tenderness, awakening all the charities of private life, participated in them in no other way than on his canvass. Evelyn, who has written in favour of active life, loved and lived in retirement; while Sir George Mackenzie framed an eulogium on solitude, who had been continually in the bustle of business.

Thus an author and an artist may yield no certain indication of their personal character in their works. Inconstant men will write on constancy, and licentious minds may elevate themselves into poetry and piety. And were this not so, we should be unjust to some of the greatest geniuses, when the extraordinary sentiments they put into the mouths of their dramatic personages are maliciously applied to themselves. Euripides was accused of atheism, when he made a denier of the gods appear on the stage. Milton has been censured by Clarke for the impiety of Satan; and it was possible that an enemy of Shakespeare might have reproached him for his perfect delineation of the accomplished villain Iago; as it was said that Dr. Moore was sometimes hurt in the opinions of some, by his horrid Zeluco. Crebillon complains of this.—"They charge me with

all the iniquities of Atreus, and they consider me in some places as a wretch with whom it is unfit to associate; as if all which the mind invents must be derived from the heart." This poet offers a striking instance of the little alliance existing between the literary and personal dispositions of an author. Crebillon, who exulted on his entrance into the French academy, that he had never tinged his pen with the gall of satire, delighted to strike on the most harrowing string of the tragic lyre. In his Atreus, the father drinks the blood of his son; in Rhadamistus, the son expires under the hand of the father; in Electra, the son assassinates the mother. A poet is a painter of the soul; but a great artist is not therefore a bad man.

We must not therefore consider that he who paints vice with energy is therefore vicious, lest we injure an honourable man; nor must we imagine that he who celebrates virtue is therefore virtuous, for we may then repose on a heart which knowing the right pursues the wrong.

In proving that the character of the man may be very opposite to that of his writings, we must recollect that the habits of life may be contrary to the habits of the mind. The influence of their studies over men of genius, is limited; out of the ideal world, man is reduced to the active creature of sensation. An author has, in truth, two distinct characters; the literary, formed by the habits of his study; the personal, by the habits of situation. Gray, cold, effeminate and timid in his personal, was lofty and awful in his literary character: we see men of polished manners and bland affections, in grasping a pen, are thrusting a poignard; while others in domestic life, with the simplicity of children and the feebleness of nervous affections, can shake the senate or the bar with the vehemence of their eloquence and the intrepidity of their spirit.

And, however the personal character may contrast with that of their genius, still are the works themselves genuine, and exist in realities for us—and were so doubtless to themselves, in the act of composition. In the calm of study, a beautiful imagination may convert him whose morals are corrupt, into an admirable moralist, awakening feelings which yet may be cold in the business of life; since we have shown that the phlegmatic can excite himself into wit, and the cheerful man delight in Night-thoughts. Sallust, the corrupt Sallust, might retain the most sublime conceptions of the virtues which were to save the Republic; and Sterne, whose heart was not so susceptible in ordinary occurrences, while he was gradually creating incident after incident, touching the emotions one after another, in the stories of

Le Fevre and Maria, might have thrilled—like some of his readers. Many have mourned over the wisdom or the virtue they contemplated, mortified at their own infirmities. Thus, though there may be no identity between the book and the man, still for us, an author is ever an abstract being, and, as one of the Fathers said, “a dead man may sin dead, leaving books that make others sin.” An author’s wisdom or his folly does not die with him. The volume, not the author, is our companion, and is for us a real personage, performing before us whatever it inspires; “he being dead, yet speaketh.” Such is the vitality of a book!

### SKETCHES, BY FLORIO.

#### SKETCH.—NO. I.

His face had lost the bloom  
Of reckless childhood, and his eye its brightness.  
There was an earnest fixedness of gaze,  
Denoting that the heart beneath had lost  
Its buoyancy—and its fantastic dreams  
Had given place to pensive thoughtfulness.  
The sprightly gait, the laughing lip, were changed  
To calm and sober seriousness of mein.  
Clouds hung above his youth: Forsaken hope—  
Bereaved affection—and the broken chain  
Of ardent feeling—and the blighted bud  
Of young enjoyment, like the sombre pall,  
Hung o’er his heart, and all beneath was dark—  
Dark as the deep and midnight loneliness  
That reigns within the vaulted sepulchre!  
And now, no more his fancy revelled on  
The morning cloud, that spreads its golden fringe  
Along the east, and brightens in the sun;  
Nor on the virgin blushes of the rose,  
Opening her bosom to the summer gale;  
Nor on the varied colors of the bow  
Which bends its blue and crimson arch in heaven.  
No! but when tempests vexed the brow of night,  
And the dark angel of the storm went forth  
Upon his wild and desolating march,  
Then glowed his spirit with strange ecstasy,  
And held high converse with the elements.  
  
And often would he pull the cypress bough,  
With the sad leaves of the sepulchral yew,  
And round his temples bind the joyless wreath—  
How different from the gay and floral crown  
Which bloomed upon his brow in earlier days!

There was an air of stern and proud endurance,  
As if his spirit, though it ceased to strive  
With its harsh destiny, had learned to bear;  
As if it scorned to raise the sad lament  
And broken-hearted wail o’er its misfortunes,  
And spurned the false and hollow sympathy  
Of human kind—but chose the nobler part,  
To wrestle with its agony in silence.

#### SKETCH.—NO. II.

The scene was changed—  
A blossom flourished on the blasted tree;

His natal star, once more in golden light  
Pursued its march and beaconed him to joy.  
One lonely lovely being prized his worth,  
And won his spirit from its solitude.  
Earth wore the hue of Heaven! How beautiful,  
How fair she was! even as the dark-eyed daughters

#### Of Allah’s visionary paradise.

Upon her cheek so pure and delicate,  
The lily struggled with the crimson rose:  
And all the magic, all the witchery  
That ever lover dreamed or poet sung,  
Glowed in the lightnings of her dark blue eye.  
Oh she was beautiful! Her raven hair  
Hung in profusion round her neck of snow—  
And oft in maiden glee and sportiveness  
Her gentle hand would catch the scattered curls,  
And bind them in a braid around her brow.  
Oh she was beautiful! Her graceful form  
Moved upon earth so lightly and so free—  
She seemed a seraph wanderer of the sky,  
Too bright—too pure—too glorious for earth!  
He loved—nay, more—he madly idolized,  
And kneeling in devotion at her shrine,  
Breathed unto her prayers, that were due to  
Heaven.

His spirit sprung to hers. All other thoughts,  
All other feelings vanished from his mind,  
And one intense, devoted, deathless ardor,  
One passion, joyous even to agony,  
Glowed in his throbbing heart—and this was love!  
Yes, it was love! Let the cold-hearted smile,  
And let the senseless, the unfeeling fool,  
Whose dull lethargic spirit never soared  
Beyond its vile and perishable clay—  
Who steals through life unblessing and unblest—  
Let him deride those throbs he cannot feel;  
But angels bless, and Heaven inspires such love.  
Oh! the heart’s deep and fond idolatry—  
Source of delight and of severest wo!  
There hangs a morning wreath on beauty’s shrine  
When life is in its spring, and time as yet  
Nor blights the bud, nor steals the floret’s hue—  
Look once again—the mildew of decay  
And sorrow’s canker have been working there.

#### SKETCH.—NO. III.

I said he loved. The stream of being flowed,  
And sunbeams danced upon its placid wave:  
His sorrows had passed on, nor left a scar—  
Affliction’s sullen impress was effaced,  
And all was brilliancy. The sun went forth  
Upon a sky of clear and cloudless blue—  
All nature blossomed round him. Earth contained  
One gem of Eden, and that gem was his.  
Where now were all the trials—all the woes—  
The secret anguish of his troubled youth?  
The Lethe of the mind had gathered o’er them,  
And memory was lost in present bliss.  
The matin clouds were gone, and the sweet song  
Of hope gave promise of a sunny noon.

Oh strange mysterious powers of destiny!  
Even then the storm was gathering afar

In his horizon: Soon it swept amain,  
With desolation on its midnight wing.  
Yes—even then—when life was ecstasy,  
Fate poured the vial of its fiercest wrath.  
The bridal garb was ready—hearts beat high—  
When—sudden as the tiger from his lair,  
Death sprung upon his victim, and the crown  
Which love entwined, reposed upon the grave.  
Around the maid was wreathed the cold cymar,  
Lost in her prime, and in the fresh fond play  
Of young, unchangeable and full affection!  
And now the bier was placed within the aisle—  
The burial rites were said, the anthem sung  
O’er shrouded innocence and loveliness:  
Earth claimed the clay, and Heaven the spotless spirit—

The mourners’ tears flowed fast—but where was he?—

And where was he? Clad in the sable weeds  
Of outward sorrow, to attract the cold  
And heartless pity of a callous world,  
Say did he mingle with the weeping throng?  
No! but his soul was robed in mourning, and  
He kept aloof in broken-hearted pride!  
But, ere the coffin had enclosed her form,  
He stole in breathless silence to the spot  
Where lay the earthly victim—tremblingly  
He raised the veil from that still lovely face  
Which death had altered not—and there he stood  
In calm, serene, and voiceless agony,  
Gazing upon his bride. One farewell glance  
He gave, and then impressed one long last kiss  
Upon her colourless and lifeless lip,  
Then sighed farewell—farewell, for evermore!

The morrow came—the requiem bell was tolled--  
The clod struck hollow on the coffin lid—  
The mourners stood around—but HE was gone!

*From the Buck’s County Patriot.*

#### EDWARD BROWN.

“Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,  
“And Mammon wins his way where seraphs  
might despair.”

BYRON.

Bright and beautiful shone the “fair round moon,” on the pleasant green banks of the quiet Schuylkill, where Edward Brown and Ruth Cumming sat in their youthful loveliness. It was not the first time they had sat there together, nor was it now for the first time that the fair face of that loving boy had been clouded with grief and sorrow. Ruth Cumming was the daughter of an opulent farmer of Pennsylvania, who possessed a considerable estate on the borders of this romantic river, where he had for many years resided. The girl was naturally amiable, and had a disposition that might have rendered any man happy; but there was unfortunately in her constitution a touch of that pride of ancestry, which was her father’s master failing, and which induced both him and her to look with jealous

eyes into the rank and station of every young adventurer that presumed to approach their domains. Edward Brown had, however, been an exception to the general rule. He had lived in the neighbourhood from his infancy, had been the playmate of Ruth in her childish days, and had been on terms of intimacy in the family ever since. It was a mind of no common character which brightened in the delicate youth; and he had a face and heart, that gained him admiration and love wherever they were seen or known. But it was Edward Brown's misfortune to be poor, and poverty was the deadly fiend that undermined the foundation on which he had built his happiness, and finally overthrew the fair beautiful superstructure.

Many years had seen the boy and the girl linked together like brother and sister, in harmony and peace. They were now both on the verge of maturity, and Edward began to question in his own mind, whether the fair Ruth was not something more to him, than any other being in the wide, wide world. He felt that it was so; and he failed not, ere long, in the innocence and simplicity of his heart, to tell the young creature how fondly and deeply he loved. Ruth answered nothing, but there was a new and indefinite idea passed across her mind, connected with the contrasted images of a lordly mansion and a mud cottage. Love, even though it be silent, cannot long lie concealed, and it began soon to be suspected that there was something in Edward Brown's present attention to her beyond the affection which had united them in childhood. Now commenced the work of interested calculation, and it was soon decided in the mind of the aristocratical Gilbert Cumming, that the poor boy could never support his daughter in that style of splendour, which, in his view was indispensable to her happiness. Besides, could he submit to an alliance with the humble family of the Browns? Oh! no, he could not; it would be a lasting and eternal disgrace to his noble line of ancestry! So it was determined to discourage the honorable youth's pretensions, and to shut him out, as much as possible, from an intercourse with the household. These views were made known to Ruth, and met her approbation, though she did not acknowledge the necessity of breaking off all intercourse, and in her own mind resolved not to abide by it, so that, although Edward thenceforth visited no more at the hermitage, as the seat of the Cummings was called, yet she took no pains to avoid him, and they often met, the unrelenting girl and her desponding lover, in the dark woods and verdant fields, in the morning, at mid-day, or by the evening twilight.

It was in this way that they had encountered each other at the time of which we speak, and there they sat, the one with a countenance that spoke deep and heart felt anguish, and the other with a look of cold and stern indifference. Yet sweetly was the face of Nature smiling on them both. All was silent solemnity around, undisturbed by aught save the occasional screech of an owl in the far off wood, or the wild voice of the broad-winged night-hawk, that sailed slowly and majestically over the tops of the forest trees.—The river, pent in by its locks and dams, spread itself out into a silver lake, which unruffled by a single breeze, reflected back all the beauties of earth and sky.

The inverted shadows of the trees and bushes along its bank were almost as clear as the upright reality, and deep down in its limpid bed the beholder was presented with a second azure heaven, all studded with its tiny twinkling stars. It was an hour of peace, and every thing around seemed to be sleeping in the quiet moonlight. But Edward Brown had no room for such thoughts as these; and he sat on the green bank, beneath the shade of an old elm tree, pouring out anew his vows and protestations to that cold and cruel but yet lovely girl. But she turned away from his affectionate entreaties, and only answered, "Edward, I have told you before I cannot listen to your suit."—"Then," said he "it is all in vain. I know how it is; I know very well how it is; but answer me, Ruth, now in the openness of thy heart, can Walter Wray:—nay start not, for I know the name,—can Walter Wray with all his wealth and splendour, love thee with affection surpassing mine, can he render thee more happy than thou wouldest have been on the bosom of thy poor broken hearted Edward?"—Yes! Yes! I know where the secret lies. I know the sordid motive that would induce thy wretched father to sacrifice his daughter's bliss at the shrine of grandeur, and would make thee the victim of a cold, calculating, criminal avarice. Yes! I know it all, and I have lived through it all, and through all the contumely that it has brought upon me; but I love thee, notwithstanding all the cruel things thou has said and done to me; and if I see thee wedded to another I shall die, Ruth, because the hope that I have cherished will then be lost. Let me press thy fair hand, and kiss thy cheek for the last time, and when thy poor Edward Brown is broken hearted and lies cold in the sod, forgotten by his fellows, then mayst thou be happy, yea, even in the palaces of Walter Wray; and may no thought of the poor peasant boy ever come across thy mind to mar the enjoyment of thy social or solitary

hours. Forget him and be happy. Farewell, we can meet no more!" And as he spoke, the distracted youth tore himself away, rushed into the wood, and was soon lost in the deeper shade.

It was not without reason that Edward Brown had spoken disrespectfully of Walter Wray. He was a man of most unprincipled character, and most dissolute manners, alike destitute of the generous feelings of nature and the amiable qualities of the heart. His capacity was too mean to excite to ambition, and his habits too indolent to rouse to enterprise; and he was exactly one of those beings, who in any other situation than that which he held, would have met with the merited contempt of his fellow creatures. But Walter Wray was possessed of that redeeming talisman, which even more certainly than charity itself, suffices in these degenerate days, to cover a multitude of sins. He was rich, and that was a sufficient passport to the honor and respect of the world at large, to the esteem of the mercenary Gilbert Cumming, and, shall I say it? to the love of his fair and only daughter. Strange indeed it may appear, but so it was,—and Edward Brown had now nothing to do, but to look on and behold the fulfilment of that contract, which promised to disperse the last string that now remained unbroken in his heart.

The day appointed for the nuptials of Walter Wray and Ruth Cumming at length arrived, and the evening shades brought near the hour that was to unite them in the solemn bands of matrimony. A large company was gathered together, and all was now mirth and revelry; every face beamed with smiles and every heart leaped for joy. One alone was excepted from the general rejoicing, and that was one who at this season should have been the gayest of the gay: it was the heart of Ruth Cumming that now sunk heavy within her, and though every one attributed her agitation to something foreign from the true cause, she herself knew why she was sad, and vainly wished that the cause of that sadness could be removed. But it was now too late, and she mingled with the company, and endeavored to appear easy and cheerful.

At length the clergyman arrived, and the company rose and gathered in a circle. In the midst was placed the priest in his band and surplice; and Walter Wray and Ruth Cumming, with their attendants, standing before him, he commenced the ceremony. Just at this period the door opened, and a tall, pale figure, with long black hair and mustachios, wrapped in a cloak of tartan plaid, and covered with a slouched hat, quietly glided into the room, and took his station at the out-

side of the circle. Singular as it was, no particular notice was taken of his appearance, and the ceremony proceeded. With a feeble voice and palpitating bosom, the agitated girl answered the interrogatories which were necessary to be put ere she could become a wife. The service was at last concluded, and glad was the fair bride when her maidens led her to a chair; and she felt relieved that the dreadful ordeal was over. The company now became seated, and refreshments were given out; all sat and all partook, save the uninvited guest, and he stood lowering in one corner, almost unobserved amid the general merriment that prevailed around. Now the congratulating friends came about the fair bride to pay their salutations; and many a loving kiss did that soft cheek receive, as it was upheld in modest backwardness to every kindly greeting; one by one they came, particularly the elder of her kindred, each having some wish of benevolence to offer; and sometimes a group of young maidens would cluster around her in harmonious contest for the first pressure of her lips, and almost smother her with their voluptuous embraces. When nearly all had thus passed, the dark stranger approached and stooped to offer his salutation;—it was given, and as he raised his head, he turned his eyes fiercely upon her, whispered tauntingly in her ear, “*I am Edward Brown!*” and precipitately left the room. One scream from the bride sufficed to show that she had fainted, and Walter Wray, ignorant of the real cause, immediately sprang forward to arrest the mysterious stranger. But he was gone, and the irritated bridegroom, forgetting his situation in the impetuosity of his anger, pursued him into the wood. After a while he discovered him tracing his way through the darkness towards the shore. He had just reached the bank, when he beheld him standing on the summit of a neighboring rock. He gazed a moment upon the sky—dropped his tartan behind him, and in an instant plunged into the stream below. The agitated waters closed above him, and the fair face of Edward Brown was no more beheld in the land of the living!

O.

BY MONTGOMERY.

Friend after friend departs;  
Who hath not lost a friend?  
There is no union here of hearts  
That finds not here an end;  
Were this frail world our final rest,  
Living or dying none were blest.  
  
Beyond the flight of time,—  
Beyond the reign of death,—  
There surely is some blessed clime  
Where life is not a breath;

Nor life's affections transient fire,  
Whose sparks fly upwards and expire!  
  
There is a world above  
Where parting is unknown;  
A long eternity of love  
Formed for the good alone;  
And faith beholds the dying here  
Translated to that glorious sphere!  
  
Thus star by star declines,  
Till all are past away;  
As morning high and higher shines  
To pure and perfect day:  
Nor sink those stars in empty night,  
But hide themselves in Heaven's own light.

## THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1825.

A writer in the Cincinnati Emporium, under the name of Candour, has entered on the hopeless task of convincing the public, that the strictures on the Cincinnati Directory, by a correspondent of this paper, are illiberal and unjust. When a poor book receives a merited censure, it ever is the case, that some one will endeavour to defend and excuse the author, by making charges of illiberality and abuse. And thus has it been in the present instance. These charges came as a matter of course from the Emporium, and are merely to be noticed, not answered. We cannot permit our columns to be occupied with a controversy about a thing of so little importance as the Cincinnati Directory; and on this ground we must withhold the article which our correspondent has sent in reply to Candour.

The apology from the printer of the Directory to the Editor of this paper was quite unnecessary. If an author suffers his book to be badly printed, the fault is his own, and not the printer's.

Our correspondent states, that he used, intentionally, the word compiler instead of author, and that it is the correct phrase.

As to the word *immigrate*, it is a good one. It is used frequently by Dr. Belknap in his History of New-Hampshire. We have seen it in the Travels of President Dwight; and it has the authority of Benjamin Condy, of Philadelphia, who says it as “an American word, not subject to the canons of British criticism.” It has also the sanction of the Quarterly Review, the Editor of which states it to be an old English word, no longer of any use to English writers, as the *thing* itself has long ceased to exist in Britain. However high Mr. Walker may stand with the Emporium, as authority for words, we must persist in esteeming him very lightly. He

may be a good standard for the Dandyism of English pronunciation, but for little else.

We quote the following from the article of our correspondent:

“In relation to the Medical College of Ohio, we have but one word to say. If the Board of Trustees are content to be charged with having broken up the lectures in that Institution, we are satisfied. We noticed the subject, not on account of any unfriendly feelings towards the College, but because we thought it a high piece of presumption in a young man and a stranger, to make a charge so serious against a body of our most respectable citizens. If, as the compiler of the Directory and Mr. Candour insinuate, the Trustees have wantonly inflicted an injury upon the College, and knowingly retarded its advancement, they deserve to be exposed and turned out of office. But it is for the Trustees to make their own defence.”

## HULL'S MEMOIRS.

The following notice of the Letters published by Gen. Hull, we venture to quote from the U. S. Literary Gazette, not on account of the opinion expressed of the Letters themselves, but for the allusion it contains to the capture of Washington. That affair has never been sufficiently investigated, because our countrymen have found a recurrence to it productive of no very pleasing reflection. By the sheerest ignorance of the first principles of military defence, by the grossest mismanagement, or by something worse, our Capital fell into the hands of the British, and we can't help feeling the disgrace. We remember the occurrence well: every man seemed to shew something more than regret, and but little of resentment. Gloom settled on the mind of every one; and pass what crowd you would (and the streets were filled on the night we received the intelligence) the ‘capture of Washington’ was sure to strike upon the ear. The British deserve no credit for taking the Capital, and they disgraced themselves in the occupation of it. But the Vandalism they displayed in destroying civic ornaments and buildings erected for civic purposes, while it loads their name with obloquy, does not lessen our own shame.

We did not receive this thick pamphlet until the reviews for this number were sent to press;—and were it only political and controversial, we should not trouble ourselves or our readers with any remarks upon it. But it is *historical*. It must throw some light, and perhaps elicit from others some light, upon important facts. We have no room to make an analysis of its contents; but would briefly present some considerations which they suggest to us. For General Hull's surrender of his forces and posts to the British, he was tried and condemned to death as a coward; and he lives to tell his story through the mercy of the Executive. Whether he has wholly justified his surrender without a battle, may be determined differently by different persons. We suppose that most read-

ers will agree that his conduct could be accounted for, without charging with cowardice and treachery one to whom Washington entrusted important commands.—He has sufficiently shown that much more than his due of punishment visited his share of the follies, improvidence, and misconduct, which characterized that astonishing campaign. We feel no kind of hostility to General Dearborn, and have no acquaintance with, and no personal feelings towards General Hull; we know that we are unprejudiced, and believe all who are so will agree with us in thinking that something of a load lies upon General Dearborn, which he will do well to throw off as soon as may be. General Hull lost all he had;—General Dearborn did nothing—achieved nothing—suffered nothing; and so far, perhaps, he had the best of it. But we do not recollect that General Dearborn has ever explained the singular lapse of memory during which he relieved himself from the peril of a British force, and left that force to go *en masse* upon General Hull—who was likely to have enough to encounter without this addition. But when Hull was tried, and Dearborn tried him, why was the affair of Washington forgotten? Whoever was guilty there, was answerable somewhere; and it would be rather difficult to persuade any one just now, that the loss of Detroit and of all Hull's posts, afforded more proof of cowardice or treachery than that misconduct—whatever be its true name or nature—which lost Washington. General Hull has shown that there was other opposition arrayed against him than that which arose from his military faults. But they mistook their man. He was not a sufficient scape-goat; he could not bear away all the disgrace and punishment due to the military managers of that play—and particularly to them who conducted the flight of Bladensburg.

At the request of a correspondent, we have inserted Florio's Sketches, which, we believe, will be generally admired.—It is fashionable to praise this melodious newspaper Bard, who has been much overrated by the New-York editors, some of whom have not hesitated to call him the Poet of America. There is now a prevailing fondness for sombre productions; and the poets who follow the taste of the times, have fostered this curious taste, by sending forth their grievous griefs, expressed in the language of forced simplicity, and a mock intensity of feeling. T

A bill has been before the legislature of Buenos Ayres to declare the slave trade piracy.

#### THE UNPOLISHED GEOMETRICALIAN.

The following picture of the embarrassments of persons unaccustomed to social intercourse with the world, is happily introduced by Zimmerman, in his work upon Solitude:

Culpable as studious characters in general are, by neglecting to cultivate that social address, and to observe that civility of manners, and urbane attention, which an intercourse not only with the world, but even with private society, so indispensably requires, certain it is, that men of fashion expect from them a more refined good breeding, and a nicer attention to the forms of politeness, than all their endeavours can produce. The fashionable world, indeed, are blameable for their constant attempts to deride the awkwardness of their more erudite and abstracted companions. The severity with which they treat the defective manners of a scholastic visiter, is a violation of the first rules of true politeness, which consists entirely of a happy combination of good sense and good nature, both of which dictate a different conduct, and induce rather a friendly concealment than a triumphant exposure of such venial failings. The inexperienced scholastic is entitled to indulgence, for he cannot be expected nicely to practise customs which he had no opportunity to learn. To the eye of polished life, his austerity, his reserve, his mistakes, his indecorums, may, perhaps, appear ridiculous; but to expose him to derision on this subject, is destructive to the general interests of society, inasmuch as it tends to repress and damp endeavours to please. How is it possible that men, who devote the greater portion of their time to the solitary and abstracted pursuits of literature, can possess that promptitude of thought, that vivacity of expression, those easy manners, and that varying humour, which prevail so agreeably in mixed society, and which can only be acquired by a constant intercourse with the world? It was not only cruel, but unjust, in the Swedish courtiers, to divert themselves with the confusion and embarrassments into which Miebom and Naude, two celebrated writers on the Music and Dances of the ancients, were thrown, when the celebrated Christina desired the one to sing and the other to dance in public, for the entertainment of the court. Still less excusable were those imps of fashion in France, who exposed the celebrated mathematician, Nicole, to the derision of a large company, for the misapplication of a word. A fashionable female at Paris, having heard that Nicole, who had then lately written a profound and highly approved treatise on the doctrine of curves, was greatly celebrated in all the circles of

science, and affecting to be thought the patroness and intimate of all persons of distinguished merit, sent him such an invitation to one of her parties that he could not refuse to accept of. The abstracted geometrician, who had never before been present at an assembly of the kind, received the civilities of his fair hostess, and her illustrious friends, with all the awkwardness and confusion which such a scene must naturally create. After passing an uncomfortable evening, in answering the observations of those who addressed him, in which he experienced much greater difficulties than he would have found in solving the most intricate problem, he prepared to take his leave, and pouring out a profusion of declarations to the lady of the house, of the grateful sense he entertained of the honour she had conferred on him, by her generous invitation, distinguishing attention, polite regard, and extraordinary civility, rose to the climax of his compliments, by assuring her, that the *lovely little eyes of his fair entertainer had made an impression which never could be erased from his breast*, and immediately departed. But a kind friend, who was accompanying him home, whispered in his ear, as they were passing to the stairs, that he had paid the lady a very ill compliment, by telling her that her eyes were little, for that little eyes were universally understood by the whole sex to be a great defect. Nicole, mortified to an extreme by the mistake he had thus innocently made, and resolving to apologize to the lady whom he conceived he had offended, returned abruptly to the company, and entreating her, with great humility, to pardon the error into which his confusion had betrayed him, of imputing any thing like littleness to so high, so elegant, so distinguished a character; declaring that he had never beheld such fine large eyes, such fine large lips, such fine large hands, or so fine and large a person altogether, in the whole course of his life.

#### Summary.

John Jolley, Calvin Fletcher, Moses Brooks, Thomas Henderson, Ephraim Brown, and Septimus Hazen, are severally candidates for the office of Associate Judge of Hamilton county.

John Watson, Sen. of Chillicothe, has made arrangements for a line of stages to run twice a week from that place to Cincinnati, via Bainbridge, Hillsborough, New-Market, Williamsburgh, Batavia, Newtown and Columbia.

The Legislature of Kentucky have passed a law organising a new Court of Appeals. Wm. T. Barry, James Haggin, Benjamin W. Patton, and John Trimble have been appointed Judges, with a salary of 2000 dollars per annum. The court formerly consisted of three Judges, with a salary of 1500 dollars each.

A. Small, of Philadelphia, has republished Prior's Life of Edmund Burke, with specimens of his Poetry and Letters. This is the best written life of Burke that has appeared.

The students, at Glasgow College, elect the Lord Rector. This year the persons proposed were Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Brougham. The votes are equal, and the decision remains with the Rector of the preceding year, Sir James Mackintosh.

*"Conversations of Lord Byron."*—We find in the last number of the Literary Chronicle, published in London, that Mr. Murray, Lord Byron's bookseller, has written a series of letters, proving that the work which has been reprinted here from a London copy, purporting to be the substance of Conversations with Lord Byron and Captain Medwin, contains a number of gross misrepresentations respecting some of the most respectable people of London with whom his Lordship was in the practice of corresponding, and on the most intimate and friendly terms. The book, besides, is very generally treated in the London literary journals, as a production entitled to no credit, but one got up for the sole purpose of drawing money from the public.

N. Y. Ev. Post.

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania have decided, in the case of the Commonwealth vs. Wood, that an Auctioneer, holding but one license or commission, cannot, under the existing laws, sell dutiable goods at auction at more than one auction store or establishment.

*Desertion.*—Major General Brown, in a letter to the Secretary of War, recommends that a provision be made by law, for retaining a part of the soldiers' pay in the hands of the government, to prevent desertion. He advises that not less than \$1.50 per month be thus retained, which would amount at the end of the first year to 18 dollars, and at the close of the term to 90 dollars. This measure would doubtless operate powerfully to prevent desertions; and the sums forfeited by those who desert, would, as the General observes, go far towards procuring new recruits; and the money thus accumulated, and to be received by the soldier on leaving the army, would assist to establish him in business.

The Greeks continue to prosper. Some days since we announced the triumph of Admiral Mioulis, over the Egyptian fleet; in a series of actions between the 15th of August and the 17th of September. The immense armaments from Constantinople and Alexandria were repeatedly put to rout, and the Dardanelles blockaded by the Greeks. Later accounts (Oct. 9) from Smyrna inform us of further victories, as follow:

Night before last we heard a tremendous cannonading which lasted five hours, and heard two terrible explosions. To-day we learn that the Egyptian and Constantinople fleet, together consisting of upwards of 160 vessels, attacked the Greek fleet, which contained only 70! and they were all small merchant brigs, except three or four Polacca ships. They met between Cape Carabourno and Mytilene. The plan of the Turks was very well devised; but the undaunted bravery of the Greeks entirely disappointed them.

The Constantinople fleet came down from the north of Mytilene, and the Egyptian fleet came round Scio, so that the Greeks were completely surrounded. These brave men, however, firmly maintained their ground as they approached, and, having prepared their fire ships, went to work heart and hand; for no sooner had Admiral Mioulis made the signal of attack than the fire ships were launched in the midst of the Turk-

ish fleet, and blew up two frigates and a corvette. But what is more astonishing, the Greek vessels came into regular fire with the Turkish frigates, and 2 corvettes and 2 brigs were boarded and taken, and another brig was sunk. They also took the Captain Pacha's tender. Admiral Mioulis, accompanied by a brig, gave chase to a seventy-four belonging to the Egyptian Pacha, and containing his son, being determined to board her with two hundred men!—The 74 was remarkable for her sailing, and by a great press of canvass escaped to the island of Mytilene. She was towing a small galliot when the chase began, but was obliged to cut her adrift and let her fall into the hands of Mioulis. The whole barbarian fleet was put to rout.

It seems almost incredible, and is certainly marvellous to a great degree, that seventy merchant vessels should be able to beat in this way 150 large ships of war, but it is nevertheless true.

*Contraction by cold.*—Some time ago it was observed at the *Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers* at Paris, that the two side walls of a gallery were receding from each other, being pressed outwards by the weight of the roof and floors.—Several holes were made in each, opposite to one another, and at equal distances, through which strong bars of iron were introduced, so as to traverse the chamber. Their ends outside of the wall were furnished with thick iron disks, firmly screwed on. These were sufficient to retain the walls in their actual position, but to bring them nearer together would have surpassed every effort of human strength. All the alternate bars of the series were heated at once by lamps, in consequence of which they were elongated. The exterior disks being thus freed from the contact of the walls, they could be advanced farther on the screwed ends of the bars. On the bars projecting on the outside of the walls from the elongation, the disks were screwed up; on removing the lamps the bars cooled, contracted, and drew in the walls. The other bars became, in consequence, loose, and were then also screwed up. The first series of bars being again heated, the process was repeated; and by several repetitions the walls were restored to their original position. The gallery still exists with its bars, to attest the ingenuity of its preserver, M. Molard.—*Chemist.*

*Paste.*—Dr. MacCulloch, on the power of perfume, in preventing mouldiness, gives the following directions for the preparation of a paste, which as it will keep any length of time, and is always ready for use, may be of great service to mineralogists and others. That which I have long used in this manner is made of flour in the usual way, but rather thick, with a proportion of brown sugar and a small quantity of corrosive sublimate. The use of the sugar is to keep it flexible, so as to prevent its scaling off from smooth surfaces; and that of the corrosive sublimate, independently of preserving it from insects, is an effectual check against its fermentation. This salt does not however prevent the formation of mouldiness; but as a drop or two of the essential oils, such as lavender, peppermint, anise, bergamot, &c. is a complete security against this, all the causes of destruction are effectually guarded against. Paste made in this manner, and exposed to the air, dries without change to a state resembling horn, so that at any time it may be wetted again and applied to use. When kept in a close covered pot, it may be preserved for use at all times.

The young pretender to the French throne, who sailed from New-York in the *Galaxy*, was, on his arrival at Havre, taken into custody by the police, and committed to prison.

*Deaf and Dumb.*—The pupils of the Philadelphia Asylum for the deaf and dumb, recently underwent an examination in one of the churches of that city before at least 1600 persons. Eight children in all were examined, who evinced a proficiency in learning truly wonderful, considering the state of melancholy bereavement to which they are doomed. One lad five and a half years old, discovered an extraordinary acquaintance with Grammar—another a great aptness in Geography—and a third charmed every one by giving a history of Lafayette.—They all evinced a knowledge of the Bible, Ancient and Modern History, and were acquainted with the lives of Milton, Young, Goldsmith, and others. They would write a sentence from any word given to them. A gentleman present put the difficult question of "what is charity?" which one of the lads explained most satisfactorily, and received general approbation for it.

*Emigration.*—The Friends in North Carolina, at their yearly meeting, came to the determination to send all the colored persons under their care to the Haytien Republic. They are in all about 700, being persons whose unconditional emancipation is not permitted by the laws of North Carolina, and who have for many years been held in trust by the Society.

*East India Burial service.*—During the funeral ceremony, which is solemn and affecting, the Brahmins address the respective elements in words to the following purpose:

O Earth! to thee we commend our brother; of thee he was formed, by thee he was sustained, and unto thee he now returns.

O Fire! thou hast claimed our brother; during life he subsisted by thy influence in nature; to thee we commit his body, thou emblem of purity. May his spirit be purified on entering a new state of existence.

O Air! while the breath of life continued, our brother respired thee; his last breath is now departed; to thee we yield him.

O Water! thou didst contribute to the life of our brother; thou wast one of his sustaining elements. His remains are now dispersed; receive thy share of him who has now taken an everlasting flight!

*Trade, &c.*—England during the last year manufactured 600,000 bags of Cotton, France 200,000, and all the rest of Europe collectively 60,000, making a total of 860,000. About 100,000 bales of the cotton manufactured by England is made into yarn, and re-exported in that state for the use of the manufacturers in the North of Europe. The great and surprising extension of the cotton plant in the United States here may be understood from the following facts:—In 1792, the total quantity exported amounted to 140,000 lbs., in 1824 it was estimated that 160,000,000 lbs. were raised within the United States.

#### MARRIED,

January 8th, at Lexington, Ky. Mr. Wm. M. BRAND to Miss HARRIETTE WILLIMAN, daughter of President Holley.

#### DIED,

January 7th, at Williamsburg, Ohio, Mrs. SALLY, consort of David Morris.

January 18th, Mr. JOHN HAYS, shoemaker, of this city.

Next LORD'S DAY, in the forenoon, the Annual Sermon will be preached for the Sunday School of Christ Church, after which the COLLECTION will be made.

[The good advice contained in the following article, from the New-York American, will justify a republication.]

"Let no man be in a hurry to get a reputation."

As modesty is the usual accompaniment of true merit, so there is no other garb in which it can appear to so much advantage. Vain pretension and industrious show, may indeed take the wings of the morning, and promise well for a while; but they are soon swept away like the dew—while the retiring and unurged claims of worth and talent will grow stronger and stronger, coveting the blaze of noon-day, and sure of a plentiful harvest of unsolicited reward and honour at the last.

There is no greater folly among men than false pretension to talents, consequence or literature. Of what avail is it to obtain at an early or middle age the reputation of being learned or gifted in any manner above ordinary men, by the assumption of what belongs to others, or by setting forth claims to distinction and admiration which cannot long be sustained? Doubtless some men have been hurried by circumstances unthought of and unwished for, into a reputation which their modesty would have blushed to aspire to, and which they have found to their cost, laid thereupon to exactions they could not meet, and to expectations they were never designed to fulfil. But where one man has been thus unfortunately belittled, hundreds of others have debased themselves by crowding forward into places where they were not wanted, and by forcing their characters, before their natural spring time, into the gaze of the public, and to the test of their foundation. Young men begin to grow wise when they are about sixteen, and if before they are twenty-five they do not learn that they are, or at least have been fools, they are generally so intolerably knowing, as to preclude all hope of their ever improving any more. The wise man has very aptly said, "seest thou a man wise in his own conceit: there is more hope of a fool than of him."

There are some professions in which success depends very much upon reputation, as those of the physician and the lawyer, and to these may be added another, not the growth of this country, but an exotic, which flourishes surprisingly in our soil! It is the political profession—a profession which, in the corruptions and cunning of the times, it seems necessary for even honest men and patriots to study; for it is now boldly set forth, that a man may be a statesman learned and able, and it shall avail him and his country nothing, unless he be also a politician. When, therefore, a young man has finished his studies, (and most young men do make a finish of study as soon as they can) and

commences his professional career, he is greatly liable to set out in immediate chase of reputation, neglecting, in his hurry to secure the prize, all those means which can afford him reasonable expectation of gaining the object of his ambition. To all such coursers, reputation is not merely a "bubble," but a phantom. To all men it is a timid thing, eluding the grasp of professed followers, and won only by careless merit and uncourtly industry. Instead of waiting until called from the walks of business and the retirement of his study by the spontaneous voice of his fellow citizens, the feverish aspirant after honours, assumes a station in the public eye, and buzzes his cockerel notes in the public ear. Instead of pursuing his calling with honest industry, and with becoming modesty, he aspires to lead where it is expected he shall follow; and be seen to advise, when it is expected his voice will not be heard, or, if it is heard, that he will not be seen. Thus do young men very often retard the growth of their "budding honours," and give to their reputation a sickly and a feeble frame, which many years of tributary penance and careful industry can scarcely overcome.

Few things are so unseemly and disgusting as a forward young man. When youth stands up in the place of years, and inexperience takes the authority of wisdom, the world has a right to sneer and to cast reproaches; for "*days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom.*"—Our young men have quite too much to do with making our governors, and affecting to lead in our elections. Influence, useful influence, is a too precious commodity, and too slowly secured, for a wise man to fritter it away upon every occasion, until he leaves himself naked to shame, and finds when it is too late, that his words and counsels are powerless. There is a habit in our republic, and it is a good habit, of making harangues and set speeches in public assemblies. In such assemblies, and through them in the nation, men of talents, matured character and skilful eloquence, have a command and power of vast importance; but an unfledged strippling cannot select a more unfortunate theatre for display—for of all diseases, the speechifying mania is the most destructive to a weak mind.

A due reverence for years will soon chasten the impetuous fires of youth. It is a reverence which should be cultivated early and habitually; for no virtue is more beautiful than respect for age—that age which has virtue for its consolation, and wisdom for its crown. When the philanthropist Howard, himself one of the most modest, as he was one of the most worthy of men, visited the Pope, Pius VI. that dig-

nified but unfortunate prince at parting, laid his hand upon his *heretical* visitor's head, at the same time good humouredly observing, "I know you Englishmen do not mind these things, but the blessing of an old man can do you no harm."

FERGUS.

#### NEW BOOKS,

Just received and for sale at the Bookstore, No. 14, Lower Market street:

Tour in Italy, by an American,	Lord Byron's Works— (Elegant)
Percival's Poems,	Reid's Works, (do.)
The Deformed Transformed,	Cobbett's Ride in France
Connecticut Forty Years Ago,	James's Burns,
Knickerbocker's New-York,	— Merriman,
Robertson's America,	Murray's Materia Medica,
— Charles V.	Hunter on the Blood,
Paley's Philosophy,	Thomson on Epidemics
Belzoni's Egypt,	— Economy of the Eyes,
	Francis's Denmark.
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	Cincinnati, January, 1825.

#### United States Literary Gazette.

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To Correspondents. List of New Publications for December. List of Works in Press for December. Proposed Works.

Subscriptions for this work received by JOHN P. FOOTE, at No. 14, Lower Market street. Published at Boston, semi-monthly—price 5 dollars per annum.

#### PERIODICAL WORKS.

SUBSCRIPTIONS for the following periodical works, published by BLASS & WHITE, New-York, will be received by J. P. FOOTE, No. 14, Lower Market street:

The Atlantic Magazine, published monthly  
The Museum of Literature and Science, do.  
The Minerva, weekly  
The New-York Medical and Physical Journal, conducted by Doctors Francis & Beck, published quarterly.

The New-York Monthly Chronicle of Medicine and Surgery, conducted by an association of Physicians.

ALSO,  
The Westminster Review, published quarterly in London.

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